with the reassuring intelligence that " there are lots more/* I could cry. But why should any one be interested in that ? Is it interesting to any one else that when she dug up a turnip in the garden for the first time, she should have come running in to beg rne to come quick : " Miss Edy found a radish. It's as big as—as big as *God I* "

When I took her to her first theatre—it was Sanger's Circus—and the clown pretended to fall from the tight-rope, and the drum went bang ! she said : " Take me away ! take rne away 1 you ought never to have brought me here ! " No wonder she was considered a dour child ! I immediately and humbly obeyed.

It was truly the simple life we led in Hertfordshire. From scrubbing floors and lighting fires, cooking, garden-ing, and harnessing the pony, I grew thinner than ever—as thin as a whipping-post, a hurdle, or a haddock ! I went to church in blue-and-white cotton, with rny servant in silk. " I don't half like it," she said. " They'll take you for the cook, and me for the lady! "

We kept a goat, a dear fellow whom I liked very much until I caught him one day chasing rny daughter. I seized him by his horns to inflict severe punishment; but then I saw that his eyes were exactly like mine, and it made me laugh so much that I let him go and never punished him at all.

" Boo " became an institution in these days. She was the wife of a doctor who kept a private asylum in the neigh-bouring village, and on his death she tried to look after the lunatics herself. But she wasn't at all successful! They kept escaping, and people didn't like it- This was my gain,

for " Boo " came to look after me instead, and for the next thirty years I was her only lunatic, and she my most constant companion and dear and loyal friend.

We seldom went to London. When we did, Ted nearly